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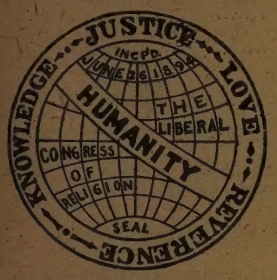

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, AGUUST 3, 1899. NUMBER 23.

On July 23d the Swedish people, wherever they could gather, celebrated the birthday of their great poet, Bellman, who for a hundred years or more has given to their children their favorite songs. He lived in the reign of King Gustav, was poor, fled from debt and at one time the king released him from the clutches of the law by paying the debt which the poet could not meet. But it is Bellman and not Gustav for whom the annual festival was held.

Joseph I. Irwin, a banker, is also elder of the Christian Church of Columbus, Indiana. He is just now making himself conspicuous for trying to apply the wisdom of this world to the business of the next, or, in other words, to put the pastor-elect under contract, which requires from him a guaranty that he will increase the attendance, increase the finances and hold a successful revival in winter. Not many church trustees would care to "nominate such conditions in the bond," but that many church trustees hold such an estimate of a pastor's work and his place in the community, we fear is sadly true.

The papers say that Tammany New York is exercised over the prospects of a new labor party rising in its midst. It will be a sad day for American politics when labor becomes the rallying cry and the line of political demarkation for its enforcing the class line, which in a democratic community should not exist. The very recognition of the possibility of such is a menace. But the people who have no interest in schemes and trusts, combines and capitalists, who are willing to earn their living by the sweat of their brow, represent an overwhelming majority and their interests must be recognized and guarded, if not by the love of justice working in the mind of the whole people, then by the stern demand of the ballot as held in the hands of the multitude of toilers themselves.

The fact that the city of Chicago has been agitated for many weeks over the location of a "Stadium," a place for athletic games during the fall festival, and has been unable to reconcile the rival sections of the city to any one site, is presumptive evidence that Chicago does not need one very badly. It is just as well that it should compromise the matter by giving up the quest. College students, in the hot enthusiasm of boyhood, spurred on by the excitements of rivalry and competition, may lift athletics into something like patriotism, but the sober-minded citizen of modern times cannot revive the Olympic games of Greece, and there does not seem to be any special need of missionary work in that direction. If we could restore Grecian simplicity, frugality and democracy in all the other habits of life, then we might make a place for the "Stadium." Until then it is likely to be an affectation and an artistic travesty. We hope the managers of the October festival will excuse Chicago from a mock enthusiasm and save it from humiliating travesty.

Harriet Monroe, the poet of the Columbian Exposition, is not afraid that St. Gauden's noble statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is "to suffer from the ravages of rust." She says: "Perhaps after a thousand years the statue may be as beautifully oxidized as the antique Marcus Aurelius, which has been exposed in Rome for seventeen hundred years more or less and whose color is a despair to moderns." We may not speak of the influence of time upon bronze, but it is quite safe to predict that time will soften into ever-increasing grace the pathetic lines that trace the character of Abraham Lincoln. And as the Marcus Aurelius statue in Rome shows the great emperor as benignantly extending his hand to protect a fallen foe, so in the millenniums to come Abraham Lincoln will be seen chiefly as the emancipator. His prime fame will rest upon the fact that he was a liberty-giver. Through him souls found freedom.

A correspondent says: "Were you to ask a savage who was induced to go to school why he went, he would probably say it was to 'learn how to live better, to give me more strength and skill in the battle of life,' but if you were to ask the children of the 'enlightened' why they went to school, they would say, 'to get an education.' 'Education for what?' 'Oh, just to be educated,' having no further end in view, or at best an end that is vague and far away." Perhaps this is too striking a contrast, but it is pathetically true that there is much aimless educating all around us, boys and girls doing the thing they like to do, or, what is still worse, doing the thing they think other folks like to do, lending eyes and fingers, heart and head and mind to the conventionalities and superficialities of life rather than directing their forces consciously toward some high and worthy purpose. Let the teachers be asked often, what are our schools for, and let the pupils be required to give answer to the question, What do you go to school for? Time is your capital in the work of life, and it is limited. Invest it carefully.

The Chicago Tribune jokes upon a serious matter in a recent editorial entitled, "Is Brother Moody Drifting," as indicated by the fact that he has invited George Adams Smith to lecture before his summer school at Northfield, for Professor Smith does not, forsooth, believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, or that Samson slew the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass, and does not hesitate in calling these things a myth. In the face of the indignant remonstrance of some of the orthodox papers, Brother Moody says: "The churches are suffering from too much controversy.

Bitter intolerance is as evil in itself and effects as wrong theology. The question of the authorship of the immediate books of the Bible has become of less importance than a knowledge of the teaching of the Bible itself." We have always believed that Moody is an honest man and have great respect for the ethical potency of his word and work. Honesty will in the long run work itself clear, and we yet hope to see the time when Brother Moody will speak on the platform of the Liberal Congress, the platform where his protest against sectarian narrowness and theological bigotry will carry greatest weight.

There is too much significance in a story found in a morning paper to let it pass without comment. A judge in the police court found a lad of eighteen years of age charged with stealing one dollar and ninety cents. The judge was persuaded that it was the first offense and that the small peculation was made under great pressure of need.

"How much do you pay him?" said the judge.

"Five dollars a week," was the reply.

"It is not enough for this boy to live on. It is no wonder that he stole," said the judge. Whereupon the prosperous functionary began to allude to his own experience. He began on two dollars a week and climbed to twelve hundred dollars a year. Whereupon the judge replied:

"You can't tell me anything along that line that I don't know," the magistrate broke in. "I have passed through that experience right here in New York. I got $2 a week for a long time. There were days when I did not eat at all.

"There was one day—I shall never forget it—when I handled $2,500 in cash for my firm when I did not have the price of a meal all day. I hesitated then, and I hesitate now as a man and a magistrate to put upon this boy the stamp of a criminal."

"The firm has gone into this matter and is willing that the law take its course," said Scott.

"I will pay the amount of his peculation," said the magistrate, and Scott was silent.

"Bring the president of your company to me," the magistrate ordered, and Scott soon returned with him. There was a conference and he withdrew the charge against the boy.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

In death more successfully than in life Colonel Ingersoll has preached the gospel of kindliness and of practical good-will. The pointed arrows of sarcasm, the striking oratorical anitheses may have missed their aim, but his respect for women and love for children, his generous enthusiasm for freedom, his genial appreciation of home, country and human fellowship have so far ameliorated dogma and softened theological prejudices and church creeds that now there is but little disposition in any quarter to speak but well of the dead.

The death of Colonel Ingersoll does not call upon UNITY to revise its estimate or change its appreciation of the genial orator. When he resented the dogmatism that divided men here or hereafter, according to the arbitrary lines of creeds or religious confessions, we rejoiced in him. When he pleaded for the open mind and the progressive spirit, we applauded. When he confessed his human limitations and when his tongue failed to utter the great words or to phrase the great hopes, we sympathized and admired his modesty. Above all, when his own soul and conscience rose in revolt against injustice, whether alleged to God, nature or to man, we rejoiced in the piety of his denial.

But when he treated lightly the sacred convictions of men, ridiculed the limitations that deserved his sympathy and scoffed at the shrines reared in the vast temple of human history, we deplored. We regretted what seemed to us the reactionary and half emancipated position occupied by Colonel Ingersoll. In regard to the great questions that beset the human soul to-day, as always, he seemed to us to have signally failed to have kept up with the times, to have entered into the larger reverences which science prepares the mind for in the realm of human nature, as well as nature. Colonel Ingersoll understood well the inadequacy of the old conception of the Bible, of the church, of the life and destiny of man. He felt the cramping hurt which such conceptions inflict upon life, and he used the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm for all they are worth in opposing them, but he failed, at least in his public speech, to show adequate appreciation of the new conception of the Bible, and the treasures revealed thereby vouchsafed by the higher criticism. In his public speech again it seems to us that he failed to enter into that new spirituality that feels the unity that binds matter and mind. He seems to have failed to catch the pathos and the beauty of that unfolding drama of being that does bring light out of darkness, joy out of pain, and the very facts which on short lines serves to overturn man's faith in good and hope for the future, on long lines, make for peace, strength and beauty.

But this is not the time to estimate the strength or weakness of his position. It is the time to express tenderest sympathy with the beloved ones he left behind. It is the time to bear testimony to his manly protest against that which was wrong, his ringing applause of that which is tender, his valiant service to freedom, the courage that on the lower field faced death from bullet or from sword, and on the higher field faced the more terrible dangers of ridicule, death to ambition and death to popularity. This is the time to recognize that within his denials lie curled the greater affirmations of faith. The God he did not believe in was not worthy of belief. It implied the existence of the inscrutable God within and behind all life and phenomena. The immortality he hesitated to assert was an immortality not to be coveted. The "salvation through blood," which he ridiculed, is a salvation to seek which is selfish, to accept which would be mean.

Robert Ingersoll remains to-day a loved apostle of the fireside, a champion of American principles, a defender of liberty and a lover of poets and of poetry. Robert Ingersoll was himself a changing, growing quantity and it is worthy of remark that his last de-

liberate contribution to the public was metrical in form and poetry in its very nature makes for harmony, unity and trustfulness. Under date of April 24, Mr. Ingersoll wrote to David S. Geer of Chicago: "I have no evidence that human beings are immortal. * * * Still we can wish it in spite of or against evidence, and we can hope without it." This sentence drives us to the elastic affirmation of the spirit which led Lowell to say:

"Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal."

But Ingersoll's closing stanzas to his last poem, "The Declaration of the Free," prove his own place among the hopers, which is another way of saying that he was among the prophets of religion:

Is there beyond the silent night
An endless day?
Is death a door that leads to light,
We cannot say.
The tongueless secret locked in fate
We do not know. We hope and wait.

Correspondence.

Tower Hill Notes.

It is impossible to state, in terse, concrete terms, the advantages of Tower Hill. In this present time, when the phrase, "Summer Resort," has come to mean Atlantic City, Manhattan Beach, Long Branch and Saratoga, I fear the souls that seek to obliterate the cares of business and home by plunging into the artificial pleasures which characterize these places without the uplift of a higher thought, could not grasp the significance of Tower Hill upon the best description of it.

Nor speaking of its educational advantages could we call it a "summer school" in the Chautauqua sense. Tower Hill is unique; it is a place of growth, soul growth, not of hard, exhaustive study. The mind soars in daily intercourse and lecture, with the personality who is its founder and life, and unconsciously the culture and refinement of the place penetrates one. There is the "great outdoors," with its hills, stately and rugged, its valleys that speak of peace and plenty, the river and the trees, and the myriad voices of nature, and to appreciate Tower Hill we would say, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear, and he that hath eyes to see let him see." You simply cannot get along at Tower Hill without a soul.

Our morning lectures have been a continuation of the course on the minor poets, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Thursday we had readings from Edwin Markham, with, of course, the interest of the audience being centered upon the "Man With the Hoe." We felt the pointed, soul-stirring questions of this poem go straight to the conscience, demanding a religious interest in economics and a personal loyalty to its principles. Edwin Markham has a fierce way of putting his searching questions, but in his own words, it is "the protest that is also prophecy;" therein lies the hope and encouragement of it all.

Following this and closing the morning work, came a cry from the sweat-shops and we were all impressed with the pathos and sweetness of the selections from Maurice Rosenfeld's poems, "A Tear on the Iron" and "The Pale Operator" are signals of distress that the young American, in pulpit, platform, labor organization and literary club surely cannot hear without rushing to the rescue.

Monday morning the poems of William Watson brought us a greeting from Democratic England, the England of the younger Pitt, of John Bright and of William Ewart Gladstone. His is the loyalty that dared to criticize and condemn the action of the British government, expressed so pathetically in the poem, "The Soudanese."

In the crisis through which we are now passing, when the foul slur of traitor is being cast right and left by a few of our journals and citizens, upon men who love America and its principle better than their own success and popularity, we can grasp hands over the sea with William Watson and thrill with pride in the knowledge of our kinship with the England which he represents.

The poems of Sidney Lanier, as did all the others in different degree, breathed the message of the higher spirituality; that spirituality refined and ennobled for having struggled with the readjustments of evolution, having borne the sorrows of the introduction of the higher criticism, could at last give the human heart comfort and power and set our hymn of faith to loftier strains than ever.

I must mention the moonlight drive, the rambles in the woods after the birds under the instruction of Mr. Chester Jones, and the hour of vesper service Sunday evening.

ADOLPH ROSBACH.

Tower Hill, Spring Green, Wis., July 27, 1899.

Editors of UNITY:—I have noticed with great pleasure the decided stand you have taken in relation to the barbarous and cruel treatment of the Filipinos. This war will appear in history as one of the darkest spots of the century. The actors in this horrible drama will be classed with all those who have tried to extinguish liberty throughout the world. In this section the people are almost a unit in opposition to the acquirement of the Filipinos by force. Truly yours,

JOHN E. ENNIS.

Narcosse, Fla., July 16, 1899.

Good Poetry.

A Court Lady.

Her hair was tawny with gold; her eyes with purple were dark;
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manner and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the King.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote;
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,—
"Many and low are the pallets; but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed;
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou!" she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him; he dreamed in her face—and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second;

He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer,
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one, free by the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast,
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands:
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball;
Kneeling: "O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line;
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossesst,
But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest."

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice? She turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death: "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers: "Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands: "Well, oh well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring,
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the court of the King!"

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why, then, should I seek further store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

—Sir C Sedley.

All who joy would win,
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

—Byron.

"The Man with the Hoe."

Edwin Markham, well known in California, has come into prominence eastward almost through the fame of a single poem. Of him it may be said that there are few poets at any time who strike so deep and tragic a note when dealing with the struggles that labor endures. In his poems of labor there is sadness, defiance, revolutionary energy, overpowering prophecy. They convey something of the same tragic reality of unending hopeless toil that is found in the Ghetto songs of Morris Rosenfelt, and here are phrases reminiscent of W. E. Henly's plaint. Though best known by "The Man with the Hoe," other poems in the volume are not less strong—such as "A Leaf from the Devil's Jest-Book," "The Toilers," "A Harvest Song," "The Rock-Breaker," and, most effective of all, "The Man Under the Stone:"

"When I see a workingman with mouths to feed,
Up, day after day, in the dark before the dawn,
And coming home, night after night, through the dusk,
Swinging forward, like some fierce, silent animal,
I see a man doomed to roll a huge stone up an endless steep.
He strains it onward, inch by stubborn inch,
Crouched always in the shadow of the rock.
See where he crouches, twisted, cramped, misshapen!
He lifts for their life;
The veins knot and darken—
Blood surges into his face. . . .
Now he loses—now he wins—
Now he loses—loses—(God of my soul!)
He digs his feet into the earth—
There's a moment of terrified effort. . . .
Will the huge stone break his hold,
And crush him as it plunges to the gulf?

The silent struggle goes on and on,
Like two contending in a dream.

No one can fail to acknowledge the strength of this man's hand. But as Markham understands the poet's mission to be to excite the world to revolution "till the gray injustice falls—till strong men come to build in freedom-fate the pillars of the new Fraternal State," the critic may take the social point of view for once and inquire respecting the truth of the picture drawn from the field of labor. Surely the situation is stated with too great passion and sentiment. One rarely sees that man with the hoe or the man under the stone. There may be individual toilers, oppressed by unremitting drudgery—as there are an equal number of millionaires in the same condition—but from many hearts one knows rise songs of gladness. The picture, in short, is overdrawn—overdrawn, that is, if it be considered typical. Mr. Markham, like other men of culture, views the world as a spectacle and as containing objects for his sentiment. Into the heart of that world he does not seem to enter, and his sad complaint is really but the moods of a superior culture and evolution. He is not himself of the order of his poetry, but comfortable and well nurtured. I think he fails in interpreting the actual sentiment of Millet's laborer and his poem is a good illustration of the "pathetic fallacy." How different was Whitman's attitude and interpretation as declared in "The Song of the Exposition" and elsewhere.

"Ah little recks the laborer,
How near his work is holding him to God.
The loving laborer through space and time.

And yet Whitman was as prophetic and, in a way, as revolutionary as Markham. But he aimed to exalt the laborer and not depress, to summon him to new conquests and not drive him to despair:

"None but has found you imperfect, I only find no imperfection in you."

Whitman realizes the actual life of labor; Markham views it as a spectacle.

There are lighter lyric notes in the volume, some melodious nature songs, but the final impression is given by the poems I have considered. The volume is now in its third edition.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

The Pulpit.

The English Bible.

The Story of the Bible Told from the Standpoint of Modern Scholarship.

BY W. L. SHELDON, LECTURER, ETHICAL SOCIETY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

IV.

I open my Bible again in the latter part of the Old Testament and come upon a series of books which are called "The Prophets," as distinguished from the earlier books of the Bible which have to do with history, and the middle books of the Old Testament which are more "literary" in character.

I ask your closest attention to what I shall have to say concerning these prophets, because in a certain respect, they constitute the richest portion of the Bible. They give us the kernel of the religion of Christendom of to-day—much of the religion which you and I believe in and approve of, either as conservatives or as rationalists. The starting point for it all is here.

The books of the "Prophets" are in sharp contrast with the earlier books of which we have spoken, in that they are personal utterances of individuals. They record the spoken word of teachers, and written down by the teachers themselves. As such, they are first-hand documents. They have not gone through a series of revisions like the historical books. There may be here and there an insertion of some revisor for explanatory purposes. But we would not have five or six handwritings as a rule on the same page. On the other hand it is very apparent that few if any of these prophecies which bear some one name came from one author.

If, as a matter of fact, there may have been a number of authors of one or more of these books, although all under the same title, this is because different utterances written down in that way were put together in a rather careless manner, and so, after awhile, began to be looked upon, mistakenly, as one document.

The Old Testament was composed for the most part between 800 B. C. and 200 B. C., covering a period therefore of about 600 years. One or two of these prophets, for instance, belonged to an epoch not more than two centuries before the Christian Era. Others wrote and spoke somewhere in the eighth century previous to that era.

We must remind you that the order in which the "Prophets" stand in the Bible has no significance. Indeed, the order is confusing and makes them almost unintelligible, unless you are provided with information as to the dates and circumstances with which we now connect these various books.

Not only that. But, as with the historic books, it is essential to re-arrange the contents of the individual prophecies.

When the new scholarship began to grapple with this part of the Bible, the problem was not quite the same as with the historic books. It was not so much to ascertain the dates when these books were written, because there was greater unanimity of opinion on this score than with regard to the first books of the Bible. It had even been admitted by conservative and radical alike, for instance, that there had been at least two authors for the book of Isaiah.

The problem was rather as to the interpretation of their contents; and on this point there has been no end of confusion. The trouble started with a mistake which had come down as to the meaning of "prophecy" or the purpose of the prophet's work. The term itself is most unfortunate. As we understand the word now, it implies foretelling the future. And for ages that is the first thought which has been connected with the books of Prophecy in the Bible.

It is practically certain now that originally the word applying to the Prophets of the Bible had no such meaning at all.

In point of fact, the "prophet" in the early significance of the name he went by, was not so much a man who could foretell the future. The term meant rather one who "raves."

In early history there was more of this than at the present time. The human mind has grown more normal and sane as time has gone on. But if there was more "raving" in those days, still less was there a clear understanding of what it meant.

Yet among uncivilized races to-day as in those days, there is a certain regard felt for the persons who are given to spiritual intoxication. There is something strange about them which suggests the supernatural. They may be the "medicine men" of our Indian tribes. They gave rise to the famous "oracles" of Greece, as for instance, in the Temple of Delphi. There is a vast deal of this at the present time in India, connected with the mysticism there. The prophet in the early sense of Hebrew literature meant, therefore, not one who foretells the future, but one who raves, one who went into a state of "ecstasy" or could pass over into a condition of semi-spiritual intoxication.

It may have happened in those early days that this class of men were a valuable institution. They became leaders and were known as wise men, and oftentimes they were very sagacious in their utterances and were excellent guides in the opinions they offered. Hence, it was not a bad thing for the half-civilized man to consult the "oracle." As a matter of fact, the man who voiced the oracles was a man of much experience. And what is more, as he grew in experience, he was evidently less given to raving or going off into a trance, and much more given to offering sagacious advice from his large experience. This explains the value which was attributed to the oracles of Greece.

In the earlier books of the Bible, you read of "schools of prophecy." You might therefore assume that there were bodies of men who met and practiced the foretelling of the future. But it meant nothing of the kind. They were rather bodies of men given to raving or "ecstacy." They were a class of persons who took a delight in passing off into a trance-state, as it were, and who associated themselves in groups, living together perhaps like monks. They were sometimes ascetics, cultivating all the means possible in order that they might be carried over into that state of trance or ecstasy.

These were the first prophets of Israel. They were "trance men," or men who raved and seemed to pass out of themselves and appeared to be inspired by supernatural influences.

I do not say that the great prophets whose writings we have in the Bible belonged to that class of persons. We are only tracing the genesis of the institution. It was out of that thing, as it were, that the great prophets evolved, after the condition of mind ceased to be one of abnormal trance and showed itself rather as a high state of intellectual or spiritual insight. But when those men talked, pouring forth their language of ethical passion, often they must have looked like the men who "raved." In the minds of the people, they would be placed in the same class. It was felt as if those men spoke through a spiritual force not of themselves. What is more, the men themselves who spoke, almost beyond question believed this. They, too, felt themselves inspired.

I am telling you this because I want to explain to you what a difficult problem it was to go back and interpret the utterances of these prophets, owing to this mistaken apprehension as to what that prophecy originally meant. As tradition had settled the point that prophecy meant foretelling the future, it was natural

that the sayings of those great prophets in the early times should be explained by after-events. As a result of this, you find that the utterances of those prophets are applied to occurrences taking place a thousand or two thousand years after the men themselves lived.

You will see this tendency strikingly manifest with regard to the one book of prophecy in the New Testament, now called "Revelations." This book most surely had exclusive reference to events connected with the time of the Roman Empire. But you will learn of sane, intelligent people of the present time who are referring events which have happened within the last ten years, to that book of Revelations, and showing how these events were foretold there. The fate of the Turkish Empire is a favorite topic of those who read that last book of the New Testament in this way; and they can see how the author of that book was foretelling what is to happen to Constantinople and the Sultan of Turkey.

If this is true with regard to the book of prophecy in the New Testament, much more has it been so with the prophets of the Old Testament. Now if there is any point sure, beyond doubt to the rational mind, I should say it was that the men who wrote in those days were not thinking of 2,000 years from their time. They had no idea of such a distant future. They were speaking with regard to what was going to happen in the course of a hundred years. They were uttering warnings or offering hopes to the generations then living, working on the fears or stirring the courage of the people of that time. It does not influence people much when you presume to foretell something which is going to happen in the world a thousand or two thousand years from now. It takes a very high order of mind to be stirred by that sort of expectation.

For the most part, their utterances were not what we would call prophecies, were not intended as revelations concerning the future. They were ravings—using ravings in the higher sense. They were a fulmination of the moral sense in its most sublime form. Ethical religion, in the strict interpretation of the word, begins with these prophets, and had little to do with the "foretelling" capacity.

In after times, the custom grew up more and more of referring the history and growth of Christianity back to the language of these prophets, and interpreting that language by what was happening in after times.

I might give you just one illustration of such mistaken interpretation of prophecy if you will turn to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. All over the Christian world, even at the present time, as well as in past centuries, it has been customary to point out this chapter as a prophecy of Jesus and the way Jesus was to live and to die. It has been given a "Messianic" significance. You know the words well, many of you.

"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; and as one from whom men hide their face, he was despised, and we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, yet He humbled Himself and opened not His mouth; as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb; yea, He opened not His mouth."

It is a beautiful picture you have there, and in a way it does portrays the life and death of Jesus.

But when you think of it carefully, you observe that it portrays the experience of hundreds or thousands of other sufferers and reformers. As a matter of fact, we know, almost for a certainty, that in this picture the prophet was not giving a messianic anticipation at all.

No, the prophet is describing something near at hand. He is picturing the "remnant of the righteous" in Israel, those who were the true servants of the Deity and who were going through all of that sad experience, suffering for the sins of Israel, but through whom the ideal Israel was to survive and reappear in actual fact when the new Jerusalem should come. To my mind this other interpretation gives far more grandeur to the passage. Yet, if you will look at the top of the page of your "teacher's Bible" above the fifty-third chapter and see the head lines, you will read, "The Messiah's Humiliations and Sufferings."

If these writings were to be interpreted in the normal way, it was essential to get back into the atmosphere of the prophets themselves and to throw aside altogether the traditions of later times as to the functions of those prophets. You can get no rational idea of what the teaching of those prophets was, unless you abandon altogether that notion of those books as being chiefly a revelation concerning the future. In our mind's eye we should drop the term "Prophet" altogether and substitute the word Teacher. They were Teachers in Israel and the Teachers of Israel.

Some of the finest portions of the so-called prophecy in the Bible came in the two centuries just preceding the fall of Jerusalem in 586. But it was a new prophecy because so unlike what had come from the "Schools of the Prophets." As for the utterances of that other class of men, in their general tenor, they were often not unlike what one would get to-day if one went to the played-out vestige of that "School," the mediums or fortune-tellers of the present time. In a word, they would tell just about what one wanted to hear, and one would be expected to pay well for it. The fortunte-teller usually "knows his man."

But the note of the new prophecy as it rang out in those two centuries was of another kind. It was not soothing to the ears; it did not whisper peace to the heart or good cheer to the mind. It was not the kind that people would care to pay liberally for. Its keynote was of just the character that most persons dislike to listen to. It was Woe, Woe, Woe—one long wailing note of Woe. Drearisome, monotonous, exasperating, it kept sounding in the ears of the people from these new "ravers" who had another message to give and asked no pay for their utterances. The people cried, "Let us alone." But the new prophets would not let them alone. Once and again they cried out in their tones of woe.

I might give you one sample of this prophecy of the Old Testament. On first reading, the whole of "Prophecy" in the Bible will strike you as very much alike, or of the same general character, montonous in the extreme, repeating a few sentiments over and over again. The selection I have in mind has been regarded as the basis of the well known Day-of-Judgement hymn, the "Dies Irae." I take it from one of the "minor" prophets, Zephaniah.

"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord; the mighty man crieth there bitterly. That day is the day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the the trumpet and alarm, against the fenced cities, and against the high battlements. And I will bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord; and their blood shall be poured out as dust and their flesh as dung. Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of His jealousy; for He shall make an end, yes, a terrible end, of all them that dwell in the land. Gather yourselves together, yea, gather together, O nation that hath no shame; before the decree brings forth, before the day pass as the chaff, before the fierce anger of the Lord come upon you, before the day of the Lord's anger come upon you."

And this was the kind of langauge which was being sounded for upward of 200 years in Palestine by those great teachers. No wonder, the people had no use for them, and shrank away from them. Yet they had

to listen to it. Even the kings could not escape those voices. On it went sounding, that same dreary and fearful cry of warning and menace, the thunder tones of denunciation spoken by the prophets of Israel.

And why did all this come? What lead to it? In what relation did these men stand to the Priesthood?

The Jewish Church in its developed form had not yet been established. But the elements for it were all there. Centuries before that time among the Israelites there had been priests just the same, with altars and sacrificial offerings; there were feast days and fast days; there were laws and precepts of various kinds taught to the people. This had all existed even among the Canaanites before the Israelites came into the country. Ceremonial observance of various kinds are to be traced back to the very beginnings of history. The altars were all over Palestine. Blood offerings without number were being made to Yahweh or the other gods; human sacrifice still prevailed to some extent. King David himself is reported to have slaughtered his enemies before the altar of Yahweh, as a blood offering to his God.

In those early days, from the time of David down to the destruction of Jerusalem, it would not have been such an easy matter to have distinguished between the worship of Israel's God, Yahweh, and the worship of the gods of the Canaanites. The lines were not drawn very sharply. There was not one center of worship at Jerusalem; no one exclusive altar, no one especially separated priesthood, and no recognized code of sacred Scripture. A ceremonial worship, ritual service to the gods or God, was going on in any number of ways all over the land. It has come down as I have said, from prehistoric times.

The Jewish Church of later times after the exile in its festivals and fasts, in its rites or ritual, was made up largely of what had existed in former times, only now woven into a system and centering around the worship of one God. The Sabbath Day, for instance, which we attribute exclusively—and in a sense, rightly so—to Judaism, had existed as a festival among the Canaanites before the children of Israel came into that country at all. It was not the invention of the Hebrews, that of setting apart one day in seven as a festival day. In fact, they may have borrowed the notion altogether from the Canaanites.

What they did do was to transform the notion of the festival, dealing with it not as a mere feast day, but giving to it the phase of its being a Day of Rest.

From the earliest times downward, there has always been the antithesis between the priest and the prophet. It has been the function of the priests to look after the worship of the Deity as a ritual or ceremonial. He has attended to what we should call the church services or prayers or "religious rites" as we now term them.

What is more, he has been the conservator of tradition. He stands normally for the authority of the past. His function has been to uphold the established law; and in this function the priesthoods of the world have served a mighty purpose for good in the progress of civilization.

But as any one can see, it is inevitably a one-sided function, in that it tends to stop the wheels of progress by forcing mankind to live exclusively on the authority of the past. If it had the exclusive control, it would hold to what was established and society would come to a standstill.

Every now and then therefore, in by-gone ages, there has arisen another class of religious teachers who have taken the opposite standpoint and represented another function in the history of religion—equally important though not necessarily more so than that of the priesthood. Because of the antithesis I speak of, it will not do for us necessarily to look down on the one class while we exalt the other. They have both been essential to the advance of the human race.

The contrast between the priesthood and the prophets of Israel lies right at one point. It was the characteristic of the priesthood of the Jewish Church as it became more and more an established institution, when they had anything to proclaim, for them to cry out, "Thus said Moses."

But the prophet, as you know, took precisely the other attitude. It was his cry: "Thus saith the Lord." He spoke from the present standpoint; the priest, from the past. He talked as if speaking for God, addressing the people straight from his inner consciousness.

During the interval after the entrance of the Israelites into Palestine down nearly to the time of the fall of Jerusalem, religion had largely been ritualistic in character, worship of the gods with offerings, feasts, sacrifices. More and more its charge had fallen into the hands of the priestly class who presided over that ceremonialism, and who undoubtedly more and more were trying to get complete control of all religious observances.

In the midst of that old worship of the gods by sacrifices, blood offerings and festivals, in the midst of the idoltary which paid respect to all the gods, although perhaps a little more respect to Yahweh as the God of the Israelites, fell for the first time the voice of the prophet, the man who stood forth and cried, "Thus saith the Lord."

The kernel of our ethical religious thought of today in this century and in the civilized world comes into evidence for the first time at this point.

What caused it, you ask? I wish you would answer the question. As for me, I cannot do it. The thoughts which make the turning points in history just come; that is all the answer you can give. After they come it is possible to account for the way they spread and grow; but their first coming is beyond human ken.

At that age, the eighth century before the Christian Era, something happened. There was a turn in events of the world. It was not a curve, but seemingly a right angle.

I am thinking, of course, of the appearance of prophecy in Israel. If you ask what were the surrounding circumstances which acted as a nourishment for it, that I can answer.

There was turmoil or commotion in the spiritual atmosphere of Palestine at that time. A thunder cloud was seen in the distance. And its mutterings approached the corners of all Israel. A mighty empire in the far east, known as Assyria and centering around the city of Nineveh, had been marching its armies across one country after another, and the storm was approaching with its fury the neighborhood of Palestine.

In the presence of that storm cloud a new kind of Prophet stood forth—an Ethical Judge.

But to what did this prophecy apply itself? It may surprise you if you have not studied the subject. You may think it is going to start from jealousy on behalf of God-worship, the right belief in Yahweh, the God of Israel. But no; its first note of warning seems not to have centered there.

It was the oppression of the poor—the tyranny over the weak by the strong. This was the first thought of religion.

The first prophet was a herdsman or shepherd. And this is what the herdsman began to say to the people:

> "The virgin of Israel is fallen; she shall no more raise; she is cast down upon her land; there is none to raise her up. Forasmuch as ye trample upon the poor and take exactions from him of wheat; ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink the wine thereof. Woe unto you that desire the Day of the Lord! Wherefore would ye have the Day of the Lord? It is darkness and not light—even very dark, and no brightness in it."

What would they make of all that. There they were at the altars worshiping Yahweh, the God of Israel. making sacrifices, keeping the very festivals which

were in honor of their God, doing as the priests had told them to do.

But one prophet, whose name was Amos, goes on with his "Thus saith the Lord":

"Neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols."

"Seek good and not evil, that ye may live. Hate the evil and love the good and establish judgment in the gate; let judgment roll down as the waters and righteousness as a mighty stream."

This tells the story. The revolution had come with that new proclamation *that the true worship of God was by one's ethical conduct* and not by "rites and observances." The note was sounded twenty-five hundred years ago. It is the kernel of all there is in all the prophets of the Old Testament.

One prophet after another arose. But the blow fell in the course of another generation. In the year 722, the storm cloud which had been like a speck in the dim distance in the time of the first prophet, spread over the whole sky of the northern kingdom of Israel. It broke and fell, and the northern kingdom was no more, swept out of existence, as if it had never been there at all, and never to be restored again. The doom which the prophet had held forward as awaiting the Israelites in punishment for their iniquities had come now at last.

Our story passes over to the Southern kingdom, to the Israelites centered around Jerusalem and the kingdom of Judah.

There, too, prophecy was to appear and speak in like tones of thunder. There, too, was to come the voice of warning. Now it was to be heard at the very gates of Jerusalem. Who would dare to speak those thunder tones of wrath and woe within the precincts of that sacred city?

But there too, a prophet came, the greatest of them all, and yet in a sense with only the same note or cry as that of his forerunner, Amos.

I am speaking, of course, of Isaiah, the Jerusalem prophet. He is talking within the precincts of that sacred city, with the same old cry, "Thus saith the Lord."

"Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that deal corruptly. They have forsaken the Lord; they have despised the Holy One of Israel; they are estranged and gone backward."

What could this mean? Was there not a temple of Yahweh in Jerusalem, and a priesthood there, and were there not offerings being made to their God all the time? But our prophet goes on:

"Why will ye be still stricken, that ye revolt more and more? The whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. From the sole of the foot, even to the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and festering sores. Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the teaching of our God, ye people of Gomorrah."

Think of it! Calling their city, the city of Yahweh, a Sodom and Gomorrah, and doing it in the name of God himself! What blasphemy it seemed! But he thunders on just the same:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me? I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts. Bring no more vain oblations unto me; your appointed feasts my soul hateth; I am weary to bear them. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

And so the voice went on. Year after year Isaiah kept sounding his note of woe, "Cease to do evil: learn to do well," and warning the people of the judgment to come.

Throughout the Prophets you have this general cry of a Day of Judgment. If you undertook to read those pages through consecutively, you would grow weary of it as if it were always the same thing. But it is said in language which no other literature has ever equaled or ever approached. There is an awful sternness to it.

The fire of the old prophecy had been kindled. It would not burn out. When the voice of Isaiah was no more, solemnly but drearily another voice arose. Once more it sounds in a monotone but loud enough to be heard throughout Judea:

"The godly man is perished out of the earth and there is none upright among men; they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net. Their hands are upon that which is evil to do it diligently; the prince asketh, and the judge is ready for a reward. The best of them is as a briar. The day of thy watchmen, even thy visitation is come; now shall be their perplexity. Wherewith shall I come before the Lord and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Another mighty prophet was to come, however, as great if not greater than any who had gone before; one who was to foresee the destruction of Jerusalem and to live through it, and who was to die the martyr's death of the prophet in a far away country. It was to be "Jeremiah."

At this point you will begin to observe that there are but two or three conspicuous key-notes in all this grand portion of the Bible. In one of those key-notes you have the philosophy of the true worship of Deity.

But the other key-note is equally profound, and gives us a Philosophy of History. In Jeremiah this new note is sounded with all its force. There stood this prophet of Israel, who was able to look back over all the calamity that had first swept over the northern kingdom and wiped it out of existence, and then swept down over Jerusalem. He had seen it, while he had read the handwriting on the wall. One or another of the prophets raised a voice of warning, telling of the punishment, in some form or another, which had to come upon iniquity. But whom was it to strike? Each and every man who committed evil? No, not necessarily. It was to fall upon the State, the whole people, upon Israel.

To the prophet, Israel—the people, the race, the state, or the kingdom—was as much a reality as each man or woman who belong to it. In society one person sometimes has to bear the punishment for the sins of another. But society itself, the race, the kingdom, the state, can sin; and in doing so, must work out its own doom when it thinks it is working out success—if it has defied Ethical Law. This application of the subtle workings of ethical law to a whole race, a whole kingdom or a whole society, had in it something profound and far-reaching in its suggestiveness. Even to-day we have only half caught on to that great idea put forward by the prophets of Israel. But it was Jeremiah who dared to say:

"Hear the word of the Lord, O King of Judah, that sits upon the throne of David, thou and thy servants, and thy people that enter in by these gates. Execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor. Do no wrong, no violence to the stranger, the fatherless nor the widow; neither shed innocent blood in this place. For if ye do this thing, indeed, then shall there enter in by the gates of this house, kings sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, he and his servants and his people. But if ye will not hear these words, I swear by myself, saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation. * * * I will punish you according to the fruit of your doings, saith the Lord. * * * Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The Temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these. If ye thoroughly amend your ways and doings, then will I cause you to dwell in this place, and in the land that I gave to your fathers from of old, even forever more. * * *

Then Jeremiah began to speak for himself, with anguish at his heart as he thought of the doom which was come upon Israel.

"Oh, Jerusalem, wash thy heart from wickedness, that thou may'st be saved. * * * Thy ways and thy doings have procured these things unto thee; this is thy wickedness;

for it is bitter, it reacheth unto thy heart. I am pained at my very heart; I cannot hold my peace; because thou hast heard, oh, my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. * * * I beheld the earth, and lo! it was waste and void; and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and lo! they trembled, and all the hills moved to and fro. I beheld the world, and lo! there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled. I beheld, and lo! the fruitful field was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and before His fierce anger."

ception of an Israel, a whole people which had sinned, and had to work out its own punishment. Nations, like individuals, can sin; and because of that sinning, can die. It was by a spiritual insight that the prophet could assert it. To-day we know its truth by the new science of Sociology.

Not only in Jeremiah do we find this key-note as a philosophy of history. In point of fact it runs through all the prophets just the same. They are interpreting history by their moral sense; that is all. And the two key-notes I have been speaking of, are usually being sounded at the same time or side by side all through these chapters at the close of the Old Testament.

Yet I should mislead you entirely if I laid the subject of prophecy down at this point. One other feature is there and a feature which comes nearer to the popular understanding of the word prophecy as a foretelling of the future.

It seemed as if among those great teachers there ran a kind of faith concerning the future, which was most striking in contrast with their tones of despair. At the very time when they had reached the heights of their language of woe, picturing an inevitable doom for their people, every now and then their tones would change and they would begin to sound another key-note of hope and of promise.

A Judgment shall come; the doom awaits us; we are to perish. That is what they keep saying once and again. But just as you reach the climax of this you come upon another phase. There is talk of a "remnant;" and as our prophet strikes that word remnant, his voice changes. His notes of woe are sounded no longer. Softly at first and then more loudly, more energetically there rises a Jubilate. It all gathers around that word, the remnant; the remnant of the righteous. Not all shall perish. A remnant shall survive.

And out of the most appalling music of woe ever listened to, there is drawn an element of hope for the future. An ideal has started which shall not die. The one Israel, that is, the Israel of the people as the people, shall perish. But there has been an ideal Israel which is not to die. It shall survive at first in a remnant only, and in a distant time shall become A New Jerusalem. Yahweh shall be true to his word. The ideal shall not perish from the earth. In that other prophecy where I read to you from Zephaniah, just after the langauge of woe, we meet with the other key-note:

"The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth; for they shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid. Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all thy heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. The Lord hath taken away thy judgments, He hath cast out thine enemy; the king of Israel, even the Lord, is in the midst of thee; thou shalt not fear evil any more. In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; O Zion, let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God, is in the midst of thee, a mighty one who will save; He will rejoice over thee with joy; He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing. I will gather them that sorrow for the solemn assembly, who were of thee; to whom the burden upon her was a reproach. Behold at that time, I will deal with all them that afflict thee; and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven away; and I will make them a praise and a name, whose shame hath been in all the earth. At that time will I bring you in, and at that time will I gather you; for I will make you a name and a praise among all the peoples of the earth, when I bring again your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord."

This is our turning point. The music of a new epoch was beginning to sound, although of an epoch still centuries away. We have struck the notes of the Messianic Expectation.

The Study Table.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

"George Borrow, Life and Correspondence," by William I. Knapp, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. This is delicious—a whole library—a novel, a library of romances, rich in style, notwithstanding occasional jokes of the author, which lack both wit and humor. There is no character in English literature of our century any way more interesting than George Borrow. He is like a Dean Swift and a Dr. Johnson resurrected as one. Full of errant wit and a curious tact for philology, he picked up languages as we pick plums. It was his amusement. Borrow must be known to most readers by that incomparable story, "The Bible in Spain." Such readers would hardly guess that the author was at one time a very rank atheist and a Bohemian of the most outrageous sort. He was a schoolmate at one time of Rev. James Martineau. After one of his escapades of a runaway highwayman sort, the head master of his school mounted him on Martineau's back and strapped him. He never forgave the master; and for some reason always hated Martineau. Harriet Martineau did not like him and scored him with scorn. But for all her shafts, Borrow is the most interesting literary Anglo-Saxon, after Scott, during the first half of this century. He was the master of a perfect English style. His friendships were as strong and as curious as his hates. If you love to luxuriate in pure literature, get these two volumes, and lie under the trees, forgetting the present day and all its cares.

On the Table lies a volume from Ginn & Co. of Boston, which, as a class book in general physics is an arrow's flight ahead of all its predecessors. It is the work of Charles S. Hastings and Fredrick E. Beach of Yale University. It treats physics as if it dealt with a unity. Yet it does not fail to thoroughly discuss those phenomena of sound and light which close ally general physics with psychology and physiology. The very best feature of this book is its effort and intent to create in the pupil right methods of thinking, and clear apprehension of the principles in hand. The book is designed as an aid also to the teacher, in presenting a general view of the philosophy of physics. It implies everywhere experimental lectures with demonstrations. It does not rest content with suggesting to the student the acquisition of a mass of elementary facts, but undertakes to create in him an intelligent interest in the great laws and facts of nature.

Two of the best stories in Appleton's "Town and Country Library" are "Ricroft of Withens," and "By Berwen Banks." The editor of this library has shown rare good sense in his selection, nearly every volume in the library being possessed of positive merit, and all of them being without reproach. Critical readers will, I think, be well satisfied that I have recommended the two novels named above. They are pure, well written; and as stories have marked ability.

In the list of American statesmen, the series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. has reached Old Thad. Stevens, who was the leader of the House of Representatives when it assembled at the call of Lin-

coln, until his death in 1868. Stevens was one of the most profoundly American characters that ever appeared in the Houses of Congress. He had all the noblest, and I am bound to say, nearly all the less desirable qualities, of our national character. He would not have been American if he had not loved politics. In 1833 he became a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives. From the very beginning of his public career he was known as a man who would never flinch in the face of overwhelming opposition when he believed that he was right. His victories over obstacles that seemed insuperable read like magic. In his early life he was a man of most wonderful beauty; but in his Congressional life he is remembered mainly as an old man of three score and ten; eagle-eyed, but broken and enfeebled. His determination to impeach President Johnson will be remembered as the least favorable and pleasant episode of his closing days.

I pick up a small volume, "Through Nature to God," by John Fiske, only to note it at present. I shall take it up hereafter with the purpose of a careful review. I wish meanwhile that every member of the Congress of Religion would slip this small volume into his pocket for quiet study during the summer. If not entirely satisfactory, it is at least admirably suggestive; and will go a long way to stimulate intelligent discussion of the problems that are summed up in the word religion.

If a man read the "Cruise of the Cachelot"—and I pity the man, woman or child who has not—he will wish to read "Idylls of the Sea," which is the more recent volume of Mr. Frank T. Bullen; and published by D. Appleton & Co. He is the poet of the sea. Those idylls or sketches refer to a multitude of ways in which the sea has talked to him, while he has delved in its waves to win his bread. He has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears; and is capable of teaching us how better to use our eyes and ears.

The School Journal of New York and Chicago for June 24, is a magnificent number, commemorating a quarter of a century of its existence, and noble work in the cause of education. It was founded just twenty-five years ago by Amos Kellogg, a schoolmate of the writer of these lines. He has worn himself out in the work of building up a great journal, but he has succeeded. The present managing editor is Ossian H. Lang, a young man of remarkable gifts for the special work intrusted to him. Ten years ago the Chicago office was opened by Mr. A. Flanagan. The object of this paper, from the outset, has been to lift pedagogic work to the high plane of creating intelligent citizenship. It has insisted that the teacher should not be one narrowly qualified for imparting facts, but broadly qualified by a knowledge of how the best teachers in the world impart facts, and make them efficient elements in expounding truth and creating manhood.

"The Ladder of Fortune," by Miss Baylor. Here is another novel that shows how to climb by a ladder from the ordinary poor-folk lot to that of a millionaire. To be sure, the ladder is wit, industry, etc.; but it is my impression that we can use ourselves for better purposes. The proper end of man is not millions, but manhood. The first great need is to bring up our young folk to have a desire to possess honest characters and pure homes; and not to set the North River on fire. The book is bright and charming, but the author has a wrong ideal—precisely like Trowbridge in "Crowded Out of Crowfield."

Edward Everett Hale gives us, from the press of Houghton, Mifflin and Company, a delightful volume on "James Russell Lowell and His Friends." This book started, as we are told, by a request of one of the magazines for a life of Mr. Lowell. Hale promptly responded that he could not furnish what was asked for; but he did write what has ultimated in this delightful volume. It is a discursive series of pictures of the distinguished characters in one way or another associated with Lowell, and with Hale, for the last half century. The book is admirably illustrated with pictures of Lowell, Channing, Felton, Holmes, Phillips, Story, Gay, Agassiz, Asa Gray, Charles Eliott Norton, the artist, William Page, and others. How thoroughly the literary world of America has been in sympathy with this Boston group of thinkers, we can only discover when we find how delightful is every word that can be recalled concerning their work and lives. Let us let go of the Kiplings, and the Ibsens and the Tolstoys, and go back to this school of genuine American thinkers and bide with them.

The Open Court for July contains a remarkable article on "Survivals of Paganism in Mexico," by Prof. Starr of the University of Chicago; and a discussion between Wm. Vocke and the editor on "International Friendship;" in which the editor has the decided advantage. The whole number is well worth reading. I do not know when any number, of even the Monist, has come bringing more weighty articles than the number for July. The first article is a study of Job, by Prof. Craig. If it will lead to a better appreciation of this magnificent piece of Hebrew literature, it will deserve the best things we can possibly say for it. I am inclined to think that we are neglecting some of the literature that the world holds by our reaction from Bible worship. The second article is "Myths in Animal Psychology," by Prof. Whitman. No brief notice could possibly do it justice. Then follows a startling and sterling discussion of the philosopy of Friedrich Nietzsche's, in which Dr. Carus participates. The Coming Age brings us a rich feast headed by a beautiful picture of our friend, Heber Newton. The conversations are by Heber Newton, the editor, Viola Allen and J. A. Eggerton. A valuable article on immorality is by Rev. W. G. Todd. The writer of these notes furnishes an article on Harriet Martineau in America. Not too much can be said of this most wonderful sister of the most wonderful English philosopher, James Martineau. The Atlantic is fully up to high-water mark, opening with a truly valuable article on "English Imperialism." The New England Magazine is one of the best numbers that ever came from No. 5 Park Square, Boston. I do not know that one article can be selected as better than another. I am particularly interested in the "Last Letter of John Brown" and in "Colonial Liquor Legislation." The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Rudyard Kipling. With this goes an article on the "Religion of Kipling." I am not deeply interested in the topic, although it is a very suggestive article.

The commonplace I sing;
How cheap is health! How cheap nobility!
Abstinence, no falsehood, no gluttony, lust;
The open air I sing, freedom, toleration
(Take here the mainest lesson—less from books—less from schools),
The common day and night—the common earth and water,
Your farm—your work, trade, occupation,
The democratic wisdom underneath, like solid ground for all.

—*Walt Whitman.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Order is a lovely nymph, the child of Beauty and Wisdom.
MON.—Whatever enlarges hope will exalt courage.
TUES.—It is better to live rich than to die rich.
WED.—You have no business with consequences.
THURS.—When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.
FRI.—The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act.
SAT.—You cannot give an instance of any man who is permitted to lay out his own time contriving not to have tedious hours.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

The Buttercup Dairymaids.

The little ladies of the churn,
They toil the springtime through,
A-churning golden butter from
The rain and sun and dew.

But, when the merry June-time comes,
Their labor all is done;
And they pack their tiny butter-bowls
With butter like the sun.

And then they stand in ranks and rows,
Their bowls upon their heads,
Awaiting the inspectors, who
Shall soon go through the meads.

And, when the child-inspectors come,
Such fun as then begins!
For they test that golden butter
With their rosy, dimpled chins!

—*Youths' Companion.*

Bread on the Waters.

"Harper's Round Table" furnishes the following story:

One of the closest friends of Baron Rothschild of Paris was Carolus Duran, the artist. During the entire course of a certain large dinner party the great financier noted that the painter kept looking at him with a most intent and peculiar expression. After the coffee, the baron drew his friend aside and said: "My dear fellow, pray tell me why you have stared at me so peculiarly this evening?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure," answered Duran: "I am painting a beggar for the salon and have looked all over Paris for a suitable head to draw from. I've finally found it. Yours is the ideal."

Rothschild laughed heartily and promised to sit for his friend in suitable attire on the following day.

During the progress of the sitting a young artist, one of Duran's pupils, came into the room. Naturally he had not been in a position to meet people of Baron Rothschild's importance and so did not know him; but the beggar's miserable rags, wan face and wistful expression appealed deeply to the young man's sympathies. Waiting until his master was busy mixing colors, the pupil took a franc from his vest pocket and held it out behind his back to the model, who seized it with feigned avidity.

When the sitting was over Rothschild made inquiries of Duran concerning the philanthropist and was informed that he was a student of great promise and attainments, but among the poorest of the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter.

Some six months after this occurrence the young man received a note which ran about as follows:

"Dear Sir:—The franc that you gave in charity to a beggar in the studio of M. Duran has been invested by us and we take pleasure in forwarding to you our check for two thousand francs, the principal and increment of the same. Yours, etc.,

"Rothschild & Cie."

Dixie.

Blue as the sea, without a single flaw,
The azure sky reflected back the day,
And quietly, through drowsy summer air,
Magnolia blossoms, beautiful and rare,
Came floating down and vanished far away
Upon the bosom of the Chickasaw.

The cotton-fields lay white as driven snow,
And wheat was draped in blowing cloth-of-gold,
While, wet with dew upon its blades of green,
The springing grass lay nestled in between,
O'erlooked by pines that, like the bards of old,
Sang rude sweet music to the earth below.

And at the pine tree's feet the shining sand,
By Southern river sparkling in the sun,
Basked in the warm and perfumed tropic breath,
Till, ushered in past twilight's shadowed death,
The glad gray stars came twinkling one by one,
And watched like sentinels o'er Dixie's Land.

—*Ernest McGaffey.*

"A Real Mother's Boy."

Sitting in a rapidly-filling audience room in Cambridge, not long ago, I watched the Harvard boys who were that night to speak for prizes. One or two of them I knew well. But there were seven or eight who, by their words and looks and manner, were yet to introduce themselves to me and many others. This is what I noticed:

One tall, slim fellow sat at the end of the front seat where they sat laughing and chatting, rather nervously, I fancied, waiting for the hour to arrive and their "turn" to begin. Suddenly he looked around. His boyish gaze raked all the middle row of seats till it reached the one next mine, and there rested on a sweet-faced, brown-haired lady whose tender, steady glance had never wandered from him. He got up hastily and stepped over one or two yet empty seats till he could speak to her.

"Nervous, mother? I'm not—much! See here. If I'm all right when I go on, I'll look straight at you—full—an instant before I speak. Then you won't worry."

A brilliant, reassuring smile ended the pretty, thoughtful speech, and he turned to go back, then faced about again. I overheard the whispered sentence and saw the sweet, smiling quiver of the lips that mutely answered him.

"Say, 'Blessings on you!' mother."

By and by his turn came. Being so near, I, too, got that "full look" and knew that he was "all right."

"Who is he?" I heard the people asking, and there were various answers.

"Son of D——, the Boston lawyer. Fine fellow."

"Great athlete. Ought to see him do the hammer-throw!" said an enthusiastic fellow in the seat behind us.

"Yes. He's in the Classical. Goes in for honors, I believe."

"Good head. My old friend's son," said a gray-haired, quiet man, beside me. "Let's go hunt him up, wife, and congratulate him on his boy. They say he's a real mother's boy."

That, too, I did not need to have told me. It was the secret, to my mind, of all the other praises. The boy that craves his mother's blessing will succeed in everything.—*Well-Spring.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Antioch College.—Dr. Justus W. Folsom of Cambridge, Mass., who has recently taken the degree of D. Sc., and has been instructor of botany under Professor Goodale, has been appointed to succeed Professor Prather and Dr. Harris in the science work. The question of the religious affiliations of a professor in any but the narrowest of denominational schools has happily become a matter of indifference and tardy afterthought, but it is a hopeful omen to Antioch that this young man who is taking up the work in this college is affiliated with the Episcopal denomination, but that, of course, does not make any difference with him or the college. The work lies along the lines of universal truth and human sympathies. May Antioch enter, indeed, upon a new regime. The alumni association of the college, under the lead of Mr. E. E. McCaslin, have inaugurated a movement for the raising of an endowment fund for the establishment of the Horace Mann professorship.

England.—Lady Shelley, the wife of Sir Percy Shelley, the son of the great poet, who died ten years ago in the eightieth year of his age, has just passed on. The physical lines of the Shelleys seems to be running out, but the spiritual power of the "sun-treader" is constantly growing.

"School of Social Service."—This is the suggestive title of a unique summer school, established and conducted in connection with the philanthropic work of New York City. C. F. Weller, of the Chicago Associated Charities, gives an interesting account of these studies in a recent number of the "Chicago Record." The school is conducted by Dr. Ayres, who passed to his greater work in New York through the Chicago service. After the class exercise some one or more of the philanthropic institutions were visited by the class, and its work exemplified by someone connected with the institution. The following is a clipping from Mr. Weller's communication:

"Every day except Sunday the students assembled at 8:30 a. m. in the library of the Charity Organization Society. The first thirty or forty minutes were spent in reviewing the address delivered and institutions visited on the previous day. A selected student opened the discussion upon each of these subjects, and then Dr. Ayres drew out, in shape of answers from class members, the fundamental principles which he thought should prevail in the philanthropies under discussion. From about 9 to 10 or 10:30 the class listened to an address on some special topic by a person of extended experience in that line. Among those whom I thus heard were Mr. James B. Reynolds, head worker of the 'University Settlement,' who discussed 'The Influence of Municipal Cleanliness Upon Public Morals;' Mr. Jeffrey R. Bracket of Baltimore, who spoke concerning 'Dependent and Neglected Children;' Mr. Homer Folks of the State Charities Aid Society, who reviewed the history of public care for children in New York state; Professor Charles E. Meleney, an associate superintendent of public schools in New York City, who gave an address on compulsory education and the reformation of truants; Dr. Josiah Strong, author of the well-known book entitled 'Our Country,' who described the work of his new 'League for Social Service.' In any city similar leaders of charitable endeavor would gladly address a dozen earnest students."

Florida.—This is the way one of the graduates of Tuskegee is doing it. It is the spirit of Booker T. Washington marching on: "I have increased the attendance at my school from forty-five to sixty-four and have increased the length of the school year. Among the improvements noticeable in my constituency are the following: Where there used to be weeds around the house there is now a flower garden, and in many cases a back-yard for chickens; in place of dead orange trees there is to be seen a potato patch or a green field. We are now making a number of good white friends. Two white ladies have started two sewing schools, one for girls and one for women in our schoolhouse. I have bought me a little home, and have planted two acres of peas, corn and beans. I have one hundred and twenty-two chickens and turkeys. Best of all, we have started our industrial school. A meeting was held on the fourth ult. to clear off the land upon which to plant the school. Nine men responded. The women gave them a dinner. One white man came and worked all day, because, he said, it was a good work and deserved to be encouraged."

Tower Hill.—Jane Addams, Mrs. Coonley Ward, Rev. Mr. Simonds of Madison, Rev. Mr. Hecht, the Jewish rabbi of Milwaukee, Mrs. F. Tupper Wilkes of Sioux Falls, Ia., are among the speakers expected at the three Sunday meetings at Tower Hill, August 13, 20 and 27. Rev. Mary Colson of Cherokee, Ia., is among the recent enrollments in this school of poetry and quiet study of the out-of-doors.

Wales.—A recent number of the "London Inquirer" gives an account of the annual meeting of the South Wales Unitarian Association, which met near Llandyssul. The session lasted two days and some of the meetings were held out of doors, the audiences reaching a maximum of five hundred people, which was an extraordinary attendance, measured by the Unitarian scale. The correspondent says:

"Three ladies from the Far West, now on a visit to the land of their fathers, were also welcomed to the meetings —the Misses Lloyd-Jones and Miss Lloyd Wright of Hillside, Wis., descendants of a steadfast Unitarian family which emigrated to the western continent in 1841, and which has given to that continent a preacher of Liberal religion in the person of Jenkin Lloyd-Jones, of All Souls Church, Chicago. Through them the isolated and obscure Unitarianism of South Wales was brought into touch and strengthened by association with a community beyond the sea of wider extent and more vigorous growth."

Rochester, N. Y.—Mr. Gannett, with the fore-thoughtfulness that is the condition of high-church work, has anticipated in full the next year's work in his study classes in one of his carefully elaborated outlines issued for summer suggestions, as well as for winter guidance. The Emerson class in his church are planning for a two years' work in Tennyson, reserving the great masterpieces of "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King" for the second year. This season is given to a survey of the general field, skillfully grouped under eight different heads, viz.:

I. The Making of the Poet (1809-1842).
II. "The Princess" (1847): Romances of Love.
III. "Maud" (1855): Poems of English Patriotism.
IV. "Enoch Arden" (1864): Idylls of the English Home.
V. Pictures and Portraits.
VI. "Locksley Hall," and "Sixty Years After" (1886): Poems of Progress.
VII. The Historic Trilogy.
VIII. "The Two Voices:" Poems of Doubt, Faith, Immortality.

Another section is to concern itself with short-story writers, which include the Old Testament short stories, two stories from Brete Harte, two from Hale, two suggestions in Rudyard Kipling, and two in Ian Maclaren. And the class are girding themselves for work in Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables." Like all of Mr. Gannett's programs, this little leaflet of twelve pages has permanent value. It is a reading list, a library guide and a book-buyer's assistant the Tennyson field.

Good Roads.—Senator Stout of Menomonie, Wis., is well known to the readers of UNITY as one of the generous patrons of the unique work done by the Taintor Memorial Church in this city; the founder of the splendid manual training school of Menomonie, the father of the traveling library system of Wisconsin, and now his generosity, acting through and in connection with the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, is having model roads constructed in different parts of Dunn County, under the direction of the government road expert, F. G. Harris. Special holidays are fixed that the farmers may turn out to see how the work should be done and how they may well complete the task so well inaugurated. Long live Senator Stout and may his tribe increase.

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The magician's wand is put in our hands and if we will but consent to use it we shall see everywhere about us in that light that seemed so dark a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimabel which only wait to be ours by our use of them.—*The Countess of Aberdeen in Preface to the Glasgow Edition.*

In style as classic as was ever penned, and with an imagery the most unique and chaste, what Sam Jones says in the dialect of his section, "Quit you meanness."—*Frances E. Willard.*

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A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean, Chronicle* and *The Cause.* who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

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[Chicago Chronicle.]

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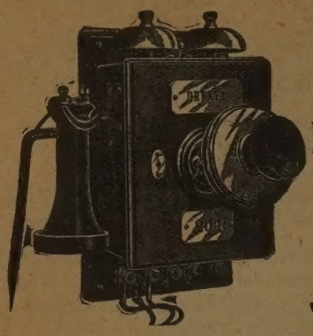

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